

ANTI-SLAVERY BUGLE.

VOL. 4.--NO. 42.

SALEM, OHIO, FRIDAY, JUNE 8, 1849.

WHOLE NO. 198.

THE ANTI-SLAVERY BUGLE

Is published every Friday, at Salem, Columbia Co., Ohio, by the Executive Committee of the Western Anti-Slavery Society; and is the only paper in the Great West which advocates secession from pro-slavery governments and pro-slavery church organizations. It is edited by BENJAMIN S. and J. ELIZABETH JONES; and while urging upon the people the duty of holding "No union with slaveholders," either in Church or State, as the only consistent position an Abolitionist can occupy, and as the best means for the destruction of slavery; it will, so far as its limits permit, give a history of the daily progress of the anti-slavery cause—exhibit the policy and practice of slaveholders, and by facts and arguments endeavor to increase the zeal and activity of every true lover of Freedom. In addition to its anti-slavery matter, it will contain general news, choice extracts, moral tales, &c. It is to be hoped that all the friends of the Western Anti-Slavery Society—all the advocates of the Disunion movement, will do what they can to aid in the support of the paper, by extending its circulation. You who live in the West should sustain the paper that is published in your midst. The Bugle is printed on an imperial sheet, and subscribers may take their choice of the following

TERMS.

\$1.50 per annum, if paid within the first 6 months of the subscriber's year. If paid before three months of the year has expired, a deduction of 25 cents will be made, reducing the price to \$1.25. If payment be made in advance, or on the receipt of the first number, 50 cents will be deducted, making the subscription but \$1. To any person wishing to examine the character of the paper, it will be furnished 6 months, for 50 cents in advance to all others 75 cents will be charged.

No deviation from these terms. We occasionally send numbers to those who are not subscribers, but who are believed to be interested in the dissemination of anti-slavery truth, with the hope that they will either subscribe themselves, or use their influence to extend its circulation among their friends.

Communications intended for insertion to be addressed to the Editors. All others to the Publishing Agent, JAMES BARNABY. Speech of Wendell Phillips. At the Fifteenth Annual Meeting of the American Anti-Slavery Society.

After Parker Pillsbury had concluded his remarks, Wendell Phillips addressed the meeting as follows:

Mr. Chairman—I feel as much regret as my friend who has just taken his seat, at being obliged to address the audience that has assembled here, to listen to some discussion on the subject of American Slavery, and I would with him most gladly be excused from this duty to-day. Indeed I suppose we should all be gladly excused from coming here year after year to lift up our voices, and re-echo the protests against the Church and the State; against all that is sacred and holy in the estimation of the community in whose midst we live. No one can suppose that we are doing a work which is very pleasant to ourselves. He must be a madman who willingly sacrifices his good name, and his prospects of comfort and social respect, of ease, of literary enjoyment, of whatever his taste may dictate, to the stern self-sacrificing duty of awakening the community to a sense of its duty. Now Mr. Chairman, without meaning to arrogate to ourselves any superior enlightenment, or any superior virtue in our appeals to the mass of those that look upon our daily lives, it would be equally mad in us to pursue the course that we do, to organize the association to which we belong, to spend our lives in the labor to which we are devoted, if we did not think that we were possessed of a principle of vital importance to the well-being of the American people. We do not come to tickle your ears with an amusing tale, to startle you with vain words, to disgust you merely by strong expressions; we come not here with any motives of this sort. You must take our lives as the only evidence which we can give you of the sincerity of our convictions, and we must trust to the candid consideration of the audience, and the public before which we are constantly arraigned, for a consideration of the arguments upon which those convictions are based, appealing still to the verdict of posterity, to determine whether we are not after all in the right—whether, strange as our language, radical as our principles, startling as our position may be, that after all the absolute truth is not with us, and it is by you are blinded by the errors of the day, by temporary delusion, by prejudice, by education,—by the interests of your position, by the glitter that the magnificence of social prosperity, and a wide-spread church organization have thrown over your eyes.

We are charged every year with introducing new tests into the Anti-Slavery agitation. Those who differ from us are consequently averring that they stand where the Anti-Slavery enterprise stood in its best and palmy days, and that we are fanatical, and impracticable reformers who care not to follow. On the contrary we affirm that when we laid down the principle that Slavery was a sin, we adopted the line of conduct which we have pursued ever since; and we challenge the logic of the community to discuss, whether there is any point at which the Church or the State can stop short of our position whenever it is allowed that Slavery is a sin. The essential principle of the Anti-Slavery cause is, that Slavery is a sin; and in the full spirit of Christianity we have proclaimed that it is the duty, the immediate duty of the sinner to cease to sin. And when the promulgation of this principle had tested the moral state and character of the nation, when we found as we went lower down into this state of the national mind, that the mani-

festations of this apparently young sappling, Slavery, had spread into all the great institutions of society, and went to make up the national character itself—when we found, for instance, that one root was coiled rankly beneath the altar, and the other was the chord that bound this nation together, do not blame us if, with a fearlessness that evinces a sincere spirit, we proclaimed that Slavery is still a sin; and no matter how many shall run to do evil, no matter how broad and deeply rooted be the stakes and cords of this tent which you call a Church, if it be tainted with the leprosy of this iniquity, it is leprosy, and we write upon it "thy glory is departed." You cannot cover it with the garb of religion, for through all, like the leprosy breaking through the surface, come up the spots of this contamination. Now do not blame us if in each succeeding year, true to our conviction, true to the message which God has given us, we have gone about like the man in the classic fable with the lantern of this truth and have sought to illumine the darkest corners of society, and have proclaimed with grief, but in tones that are natural to the most distinct conviction, that this, that, and the other institution of society are false. Do not blame us that we attack, for instance, the Church of the United States. It is at any rate a pardonable error if we overrate its influence.

There is a dispute between the Abolitionist and the church member as to whether the Church be pro-slavery or not. My friend who preceded me laid before you a portion of the evidence which goes to prove that the Church of America in one section at least, if not in several, is tainted with the corruption of supporting Slavery. There is a reader way to deal with the argument than that. The American Church is no puny dwarf that can creep between the mighty legs of the political Cossack and not be seen in its pathway. It is not a dilapidated institution like the kernel of the last year's nut, too little for the magificent department in which it dwells. The American Church is not a shrunken and shriveled creature; she is mighty in the hold, which she still has upon the national heart. She is mighty in the genius with which she presides at the fountain head of national education. She is mighty in the impression which she stamps upon the national literature. She is mighty in the direction which she gives to American politics. A politician cannot soar high enough to get beyond the atmosphere of the religious sentiments of the country to which he belongs; like an eagle with clipped wings, he flutters wild, trying to be the statesman of eternal truth, but sinks to the status of American religion, robbed of all its innate power, and its perception of ascribed right by the tainted atmosphere of that earth which from childhood he has been compelled to breathe.

Now we recognize this influence of the American Church, and we reason thus:—When she moves it will not be for us to place an ear-trumpet and hearken to her steps; it will not be necessary for us to whisper softly, let her accents be lost upon our ears. You will pardon me for giving an illustration borrowed from a poet of our own city, Wendell Holmes. He says there was a time when the whole earth agreed to make the greatest noise possible. Chronometers were spread over the surface of the globe, and every man was at the appointed moment to cry *boo*.—Well, the time came; the moment struck on the clock of every country, when lo! every body was so absorbed in listening to hear the noise that should be made, that nobody cried *boo*, but one deaf man. Now when the American Church speaks, it will not be an isolated, peeping and muttering cry. The moment any man tells you that it is a matter of dispute whether the American Church is doing disservice beyond all hazard of mistake that she is doing nothing; for she never does anything in a corner. When she moves, her stride shakes the solid earth of these United States. When she speaks, her voice harmonizes every conflicting element in the public mind. When she utters her tones it is the key-note to the music of every national voice; and whenever she shall rise to do her duty toward the slave, this little, however powerful National Anti-Slavery organization, will be whirled into nothingness by the magnificent sweep of her very garment. (Applause.) When a man tells me, therefore, that it is a matter of discussion between the Abolitionist and the church member, what is this wide-spread organization, extending from Maine to Georgia, and from the Chesapeake to the frontier of the West, is doing, I tell you it is evidence to me that she is doing nothing; for the Church is so dominant and so universal, that what she does efficiently, and with her heart, can never be a matter of debate. I know, therefore, that the church is doing nothing, because she has left us room to act. If it were not so she would have filled up this platform with her influential men, so that there would have been no room for people like us to be heard. Infidelity could not peep, nor matter, for these porches would be filled with the voice of American religion. Now, therefore, when we come out from our hiding-places with little men and women full of Anti-Slavery ideas, and find the pathway of this great moral reform, like the narrow way that leads up to the abodes of everlasting blessedness, with here and there a traveler only, we conclude that the Church has taken some other path, no matter what it is. (Applause.) Now it is for this reason that we attack the American Church.

My friend read to you from a Southern newspaper a passage in which the writer undertook to try Mr. Clay and the Domestic Institution by the Scriptures. He said it took a clergyman to write that article. Perhaps it did, but I know a civilian that went beyond that—far beyond it. An innocent, simple-minded colporteur of the American Bible Society, in New Orleans, forgetting the sublime compromises of American morality, forgetting that there were certain points to which, according to Dr. Nehemiah Adams of Boston, the golden rule itself must be subverted, undertook to give a Bible to a colored

man. He had read in the book that he was to give it to all nations of the earth; he had heard of its being given to the colored man on the banks of the Ganges; he knew it had been translated into the dialect of the Cape of Good Hope; he knew of its being distributed very liberally over the Eastern and Western climes, and he supposed there could be no danger in giving it to one who was born on American soil, who boasted even of American blood, and who was only a colored man. The fellow never found out his error until he was arraigned before the municipal Court of New Orleans, and he pleaded the mistake of ignorance. Poor man! he did not know what an American's duty was; he fondly imagined that duty knew no clime. But he found that there was a longitudinal and a latitudinal duty—that duty North and duty South, duty at Liverpool, and duty at New Orleans, were very distinct matters. Well, judge, in giving his decision upon the question, and dismissing the poor man, added: "you will find, my friend, if it ever comes to the issue, that there are Domestic Institutions here which we value more than the Gospel!"

Now you will say to me, perhaps, that this was an exaggerated statement, and I ought not to take it as any evidence of public sentiment. I would not do so, to its full extent; but, at the same time, how degraded must be the public sentiment of this country, when a man in a judicial station can be so utterly misguided as to run to that length in the community to which he belongs.

I have deviated, however, from the line of remark with which I commenced, to notice that a politician can do as much as a clergyman. We attack the church because we have found it thus leagued with American Slavery; and so it is with the State. We are charged with exaggeration and fanaticism. No; we are only practical men, and make use of practical means. To our minds, the great mass of the public need not be addressed in the severity of logic. They will not stay to understand it. The Bible preaches truth so plain that "he that runneth may read." We would preach it also: we would not descend, except to those who need it, into all the strictness of argument. We intend to live Anti-Slavery, that the people, by example of Anti-Slavery life, may be convinced that there is truth, and be disposed to inquire into it and practice upon it. We are convinced of the falseness of the political life of this country, and we will not condescend to argue that a man is a man. It is not necessary to argue it; it is granted; it is an axiom—too plain to be made plainer.

But there is a way to practice our sentiments, where the multitudes are addressed through the eyes, not through the ears. The Anti-Slavery cause undertakes to do this. For example, the public here at the North denies that the colored man is the equal of the white, it affects to doubt whether he is capable of, and therefore entitled to, freedom. It affects to doubt whether he can speak and reason, or guide and conduct his own affairs. Well, the Abolitionist disdains to go into an argument with the community, whether a man is a monkey, and this Society says, so wide as its little bosom extends, here is a shelter for the colored man and for the slave, no matter what be the institutions that degrade him. God made those institutions, did he? Man made them all, therefore, troubles them beneath its feet for the sake of the slave, for God made him. (Applause.) It opens, therefore, its arms to the fugitive slave, and to the free colored man, and says, "come out before this people," and Frederick Douglass starts into being, the proof that the colored man can speak and reason, can guide and take care of himself. And have we not proof better than all argument by trampling under foot the prejudices of the American people, by trampling under foot the laws of the community in which we live? Have we not proof better than by ages of argument that the colored race is competent to take care of itself, when we have opened an avenue through which they are able to reach the Northern mind, to appear before the Northern people and arraign their oppressors? To answer the charges of their own wrongs? Now our plan of reform is this: We would not seek to disguise the truth neither in its length nor breadth; but, fellow-citizens, we intend to trample under foot the laws of this community, and we call upon you to do likewise. We confess that we intend to trample under foot the Constitution of this country; we call upon you to do likewise. Shall I tell you why? You can never make a revolution in this matter until you make the common sense and the consciences of the people superior to their statute book; until you arraign against the despotism of the majority the conscientious convictions of the minority, whatever it be. Our Society rests like a pyramid on its broadest basis. In the Old World conflicting classes are jostling and clashing against each other like mighty vessels in a storm. And there, perhaps, you may strike out in the condition of that body a new form of things, a new national spirit, for a night if not in permanency. But here it is far otherwise. Here the national will speaks and is obeyed; through the ballot box, through the newspaper, through the supremacy of the majority, the national will is dominant; the majority rules and revolution is impossible, because the moment the tide reaches high enough for a revolution to be possible, it ceases to be a revolution and becomes law. There is no way of addressing this majority, then, except by an appeal against the statute to the consciences of the people—by an appeal against the law to the better principles of those that see its faults.

For example. There is a law on the statute book that bids you return the fugitive slave to his master. Every man feels it to be wrong, and shrinks from carrying it into execution. Still that devil of the American character—if there is no other,—compromise,—that devil which has been sacrificed the morality, the logic, the literature and the intellect of the American people, obstructs our way. An American is one who never dares

logical, but turns a short corner the more his logic encounters this compromise, he looks up to as his star in the firmament. Now we must address such a people, in their worship of a false religion and adherence to a corrupt Constitution, and shall it be done! We will say to the people, "Our doors are open to you; this law is binding to us; we will never obey it; we appeal to the people by the voice of resistance. Yes, we will appeal by more potent protest than that; we will appeal by the voice of disobedience, risking its consequences." For example, there was Thomas Scott, of Delaware. He sheltered a family of fugitive slaves; he gave them lodging and food. He is pursued by the slave-hunters before a court, his goods are sold, he is penniless in a day. What will he do? He will say to such an example: Do you suppose they can be dead to it? Do you suppose that appeal can be lost? When that noble man stood at his own door and that noble man stood and put into the hands of the hunter of other men's rights, and other men's property, turned to the obedient child of God's higher law, and said to him, "Now, Garrett, I hope you have found what it is to protect fugitives, and that you will be found no more at that business!" The old man turned to the sheriff who had just knocked off at public auction his last chattel and said, "Friend, if you know of any one who would shelter to night, send him to me." (Great Applause.)

That is old organized Anti-Slavery living. (Applause.) Do you suppose that man's example is bounded by the little State of Delaware? Never! It is the leaven of a better life thrown into a corrupt mass of American conduct, and like the seed planted in good soil, it cannot but bear good fruit. Now we mean in this way to trample under foot every law, every Constitution, no matter how sacred, that bids us do wrong. The Abolitionist plants himself on his individual conviction. Is there any higher rule of conduct. He says:

"Better rest beneath the rod, Than be true to Constitutions, by being false to God."

Can there be any better rule of conduct? Is it fanaticism? Then welcome fanaticism! Let me portion! Is it infidelity? Welcome then, infidelity! It is the only leaven that will ever reform the world.

You talk of the chivalry of the southern character. It is truth and nothing else. What we seek to overthrow against it is the cold sense of Puritan duty, (applause,) the spirit of that religion which planted these Southern States. Do not call them free States; there are no free States; it is an artificial distinction. Free States! why, I see them all!—the whole of the Southern States are a meal not a lodging, if an inhabitant of St. Louis stood at your door, except at a risk of fine and imprisonment. Beautiful freedom! The other day in Boston a man touched me on the shoulder and said, "I have just seen a slave who has been sent on in a box by express," and he is sheltered in a country town in Massachusetts. I left home and went on my way, and entered the Anti-Slavery office; there sat a man who had been over sixty days incarcerated in the run of an American schooner, where he could not sit upright; but when he planted his stiffened limbs on the soil of the North, he rejoiced even in the qualified liberty he had reached. Well, I turned round and there sat a woman with a complexion as white as that of any individual in this room. She was a fugitive from Richmond. I went out side of the door and there were Ellen and William Crafts, fugitives in disguise along the highways of the United States—fugitives from whom? From you the ministers, from you the citizens, and church members of the American Republic!

Let us gaze up into this heaven and take the moral bearings, and see whether we are in New York, or whether Algiers be the neighborhood in which we find ourselves today. Where is it that one race stalks along the highways from the vengeance of the other? Is it in a free land? Where is it that the degraded and infuriated slave, if he lifts his eyes upward, finds in every white man an enemy? Is it in a Christian Republic? I deny it. Why, we used to read, when we were children, from the penny books about those who were taken by the Arabs, and how many fled by night and hid themselves here and escaped there. "Physician, heal thyself," for you can find in every street of Boston, and in many a house in New Bedford, a man or a woman that can testify that they have fled from the American people—republican, civilized, moral, Christian American people. Now we judge a country by its fruits. Therefore we say this is not New York; it is Algiers! Let the slave be able to show himself here trusting to the laws, not to the humanity of the country—trusting to the legal protection of the land, not to the disobedience of the laws, and what is his fate? What does Wm. W. Brown trust to when he stands before you? Daniel Webster says you are a law-abiding people—that the glory of New England sinks as low as its statute book. But I say we are not a law-abiding community; God be thanked for it. Proclaim the facts in the face of the statute book that however illegal it is, there are houses in which fugitive slaves can be sheltered, though the arm of the President himself should be put forth to require obedience. (Applause.) When God takes account of this people, to make up his jewels, where do you suppose he will find faith on the earth? In that man who trimmed his conscience so nicely that he could not be his own, or in the man who opened his bosom to the voice of God's own teachings, and forgot the statute book of his country?

The Whig party has set itself up as the opponent of the slaveocracy. What has it done? The Democratic party has endeavored to proclaim itself as the opponent of the slave power. What has it done? The Liberty party did once live, or had a name to

live, but is dead; that also proclaimed itself against the slaveocracy. What did it do but die! The Free Soil party proclaimed itself the opponent of the slave power. What can it do? I will tell you the history of the Whig, Democratic, Free Soil and Liberty parties for the last two or three years. You may read it in a single sentiment of a French novel. "Despotism does great things legally, but liberty does nothing according to law." Yes, each party found itself within the grapple of American legality, and did nothing, because it must act according to law. Why, when Napoleon gathered his forces and passing into Germany scattered his armies like chaff, what did the Germans say? "He ought never to have conquered; it was wholly contrary to rule. To be sure we were beaten, but it was no sort of consequence. We had gained the victory in defiance of all the rules of art." The Anti-Slavery cause endeavors to gain victories on the Napoleon principle, without regard to the rules of art or the laws of men. It proclaims its right in the fulness of a whole idea. It is like the man on the prairie, who, seeing the fire behind him and gaining upon him, sets fire in front, and then lets the flame fight flame, in order to clear a space for him to live. Now against the politics and so-called religion of the N. C. B., the Anti-Slavery organization intends and endeavors to march a whole-souled, enthusiastic, fanatical submission and devotion to Liberty. If she shall succeed in doing it, the country is safe; but if she shall not do it, where is the hope of American liberty?

What says Joshua R. Giddings—a man never to be mentioned without respect. (Applause.) I cannot give a better illustration of the state of the political thermometer, to show the highest degree it has ever reached; higher even than with John Q. Adams, higher than with the best who have plunged into the mighty straits of politics. Said Mr. Giddings last February, "We are charged, Mr. Speaker, with being in Ohio, regardless of our constitutional agreements; we are charged with being breakers of the Constitution of the United States. I deny the charge." He denies that the Anti-Slavery of that State means to break that Constitution which Calhoun loves. What concord can there be between Christ and Hell?

But he goes on: "When a fugitive slave comes from Carolina to Ohio, we know our duty; we will not screen or defend him. I know of no men in Ohio that mean to screen or defend the fugitive slave." What does Giddings mean? Does he mean that if he sees a fugitive slave on the way, and his master is not near he will give him a crust of bread? But suppose he hears the stride of his master behind him; suppose the pursuer is on his track; suppose he is in immediate danger of capture, what says the Free Soil of Ohio?—What says the Liberty party of Ohio? "Go thy way; between me and thee cometh the mighty American Constitution. It sunders the Siamese-twin bond which God places betwixt your heart and mine. When I go up to judgment and God calls me to account for having withdrawn from my brother's side at the moment when he needed my help, I may cover my guilt all over with parchment written with the names of Washington, and Hancock, and Jefferson. I will take refuge in the politics of America, I will screen myself behind this political organization, and so I will shelter my immortal soul from the All-reading eye of his Maker." Think you so? That is not my Anti-Slavery! (Applause.)

What I quote from Mr. Giddings is in his own words from his own speech in Congress. If it is not correct, let me take it back. If he means to disobey the Constitution, why does he go to Washington and swear to support it? If it is not his sentiment, what is it? I believe what he says, and have a right to believe him when I see him lifting up that right hand of his, and swearing that he will not protect the fugitive when he escapes to the North. I blame him not; I believe him to be intending to do the duty which he said he would do. No, Joshua R. Giddings does not desire an excuse. He means to gain influence—to bargain with the devil for so much influence, so much of his soul. It is right philosophy for aught I know. If you wish to keep the people banded with you, you must have one eye over your shoulder to see how many are following you. But if you are true to your conviction and look right onward, you will find your back uncomfortably cold, for nobody will be behind you. O, if there could only be some moral magnet that could draw out the iron filings and leave the rust and dust of this community, we should at least have a constitution drawing the lines so that we could know who was for God and the slave. You complain that we are constantly harping on the Church and the Constitution. It is simply to make men choose sides. The battle is won when the lines are marked out—when the power that now makes them blend shall array the North on the side of the principles which it professes to believe, and slaveholders on the opposite side, and nobody else. The moment that little front is seen, the moment the wide-spread black gowns, the doctors of divinity have lent their influence, it is gained. The moment the political and social influences of the great men of the land is taken from the support of Slavery, that moment the advancing spirit of the American people, without any apostrophe motion, without lifting an arm, will tread down in its onward progress, the feeble minority who are really interested in the permanence of the institution, for that minority is a very small one. But the only difficulty in the way is, that when we announce the principle, nobody will profess it except on their lips and not in their lives. Now we do not care for words, we want deeds. If Giddings means that in the defiance of law he will protect the slave, why does not he say so? He has said everything else; he has startled the echoes of the Capitol with his terrible denunciations. He has said that the slave has a right to rise. He has said that no sentiment of his nature would be shocked

when he heard that the slave had risen. (Applause.) Thank him for every thing he has said, and would to God that he would go a step further and tear asunder the parchment bond that keeps his really true soul from being a guide to the people. Let him say, "I trample under foot your Constitution and Laws, for I will obey the law of God which is contrary to them." When he will say that, there is no danger in bad men—there is no danger in Calhouns of the South.

There is no danger in decided men; there is no danger in fanatical men. They are honest John Bull fellows, asserting their original right to grumble, and it is a glorious right. (Laughter and applause.) But I will tell you where the danger is. There was a caricature about two years ago in Paris that was intended to represent Louis Philippe, and it was most unflatteringly. It was a man in king's garments, with his whiskers and his stock, and everything arranged exactly as he dressed. A large capeau bras, such as he sometimes wore, rested not upon his head but upon his neck; there were no brains. Underneath the picture was written *juste milieu*, "the moderate man." Now that is just the character of the moderate man of the American political world, it is just the character of the man that means to "cheat the devil," as old Dr. Beecher says. He is going to reform the world with Cologne water, he is going to do it so cunningly that nobody will know it until they wake up next morning and find Slavery is gone. He would not offend anybody—he is no doubt of it. Only select the smoothest side of a Northern pie-board—only select the soft words of the dictionary, and you can carry all before you, and so you gain everything. Daniel Webster speaks so softly that the world does not hear him. There are other men who are speaking so dubiously that the world is disputing as to exactly where they stand. Moderate men are the men that win all sorts of people to them, who think that such a one is a very good man, certainly, and so they pin their faith to his sleeve. Bless God, there have been fanatics in the world, through whose agency the moderate man have been sometimes called forth to moderate men no longer. There was John Quincy Adams; he would have been a moderate man to the day of his death, if we had not provoked the South into gagging him. They tried to smother the old man, and he rose up and was a moderate man no longer. There was a point at which patience ceased to be a virtue, and he found it, and so he became the glorious old man that he was for the last years. And he had the beautiful eulogy pronounced by two Southerners, and two Northerners, in which they undertook to perform the play of Hamlet, with the part of Hamlet left out—omitted by request. They stated the exact date when he went to Russia, also when he was President, when he went to Quincy, when he came back, but they entirely forgot to mention when they tried to ensnare him and when he made that speech against being gagged; they forgot his Anti-Slavery character—the part of Hamlet—but they made a beautiful eulogy.

But the Anti-Slavery cause has prospered gloriously; it has attacked and pulled down the princes of the land, made their reputation of no account if directed against it. There was Henry Clay the pet of the American people, set himself against the Anti-Slavery spirit of the age and he was nothingness. On the other hand there was John Q. Adams, the calculating of all parties, the exile sent to Coventry, the old man of Brantford whom the little puppy crew of Congress could with impunity insult, who followed him in sorrow to his grave; for he had spoken one true word before he died! (Applause.) It was an Anti-Slavery reputation that blotted out all his past life and made him what he was.

Yes, these principles of ours that you charge with being so fanatical, have done a mighty good. They have forced politicians into something like good conduct, they have at least persuaded the political world to try to do something better in time to come. Calhoun has changed his tone; already has the bullying thunder of South Carolina ceased to roll across the land, and Calhoun begins to discuss. Let us only go on with the same principles as those which we have begun, appealing not to the Constitution and the law, but to the popular sentiment of the country, and exemplifying our principles in our lives, disregarding the cry of infidel, disregarding the question whether we have put back the cause of emancipation or not, and our cause will continue to prosper gloriously. Why, my friend who preceded me said that we are charged with putting back the cause of emancipation. What of that? That we are charged with putting back the cause of abolition? What of that? We were not sent here to be abolitionists, such as he described the young men and women who were sent here to be Presbyterians; not at all. We are sent here to do our duty; God will take care of the consequences. And if the performance of our duty puts back the car of emancipation the consequence rests upon that infinite Redeemer who made duty the highest and only law, and he will settle its consequences for us without regard to our acts. So long as the American parties put Union first and Liberty second, there never can be Liberty. The moment you begin to halt between freedom and that piece of machinery, the Union, the hope of accomplishment has gone from your hands and you have sacrificed your hold on the public heart. You are appealing to, and holding us to nothing but superficial associations, personalities of your day, and you never can be successful.

This is the error of American politics. We have favored the democratic party out of the field, the original ally of the slave power. We have sent the Whigs into an alliance with Southern slaveholders; it is a natural alliance. It is the Lords of the Lash and the Lords of the Loom associated. (Applause and hisses.) It is the capital of the country and the conservation of the country against the ideas of the country; for the De-

ANTI-SLAVERY BUGLE, SALEM, O.

democratic party has always represented, though very imperfectly, the idea of American liberty and American progress. We have drawn the lines, the struggle is commenced, and we shall probably live to see its issue. But no matter, whether we do or do not, this much we know, that when a man puts himself against principle, it is a struggle like that of the angel with Jacob; it may last an age or a night, but the man is sure to be vanquished.

The South did not annex Texas; she could not do it; she has no power; the slave power is not synonymous with the Southern slaveholders; the slave power resides in Ohio, Massachusetts, New York and Pennsylvania; in a corrupt sentiment, in a tainted Church, in a prostitute literature; in the school houses of the free States; there lies the slave power. The South, bankrupt, poverty-stricken, weak, trembling like an aspen leaf—she annexed Texas! She talk about annexing Cuba! Let her stand alone. I should like to see her get up and separate herself from her northern crutches and stand on her own legs. The civilization of the South! Let it save itself for an hour from the gulf of its own barbarism in three millions of slaves; then I will believe it; but till then, it is you that I address, you the slaveholders and the slave power of America. It is Giddings who, when he swears to support the Constitution, professes to go out from Ohio to represent the interest of the slave. He is the slave power; it is his name and influence that is its tower of strength. The slave asks no better fate than to be placed for one moment on a fair field in the presence of the white man, in his own country, and left to himself, and he will decide the question beyond the reach of argument or of words. No, it is ourselves that are the slave power, in our breasts it rests so long as we belong to this government, so long as we link ourselves with this religious sentiment, so long do we throw into the scale of the slaveholder a character, and life, and enterprise, and energy. Let a line-of-battle ship be sent out from South Carolina into a foreign port, and let her be the representative of nothing but the slaveholding minority of that State, and see how much her cannons are worth, and how much respect she gains. It is not her thunder that startles the Old World; it is the voice of Massachusetts, Ohio, New York, and Pennsylvania, when they link in with one consent with the slaveholders of the South. It is their character that makes slaveholding possible. That is the guilt of the American Union, that it makes it possible for Calhoun to be a villain. If Giddings, if Webster, if Clay even, had not formally pledged their world-wide reputation, there could be no hope of the slaveholders and their Southern vassals existing in the civilized world.

The South is a minus quantity; it is an incubus; nay, it is more; it is a disease. Somebody, in reckoning the strength of the Spanish monarchy put down the Lowlands and Netherlands as a minus quantity to be subtracted; it diminished rather than increased the strength of the empire. So it may be said of the South. We have in this country to overlay, to shield her, to sustain her character in order to recover herself. The capital of New England is expended in scrubbing up the escutcheon of South Carolina to make it decent. (Loud applause.)

The abolitionist operates against the Union for this very purpose. Our object is to draw the line. Let the Southern stand alone in the face of the world. Do not let him call the North to share with him the iniquity; do not let him call the Northern his slaveholding accomplice. That is all abolitionism asks. Does it ask too much of the republicanism of this Union?

I will, in conclusion, ask of you one thing, then say whether we are unjust. It is this: The Christianity of the old world, what there is of it, helps the masses; the Christianity of the Old World, like that in the days of the Apostles, is going about upsetting all things. Europe is torn to pieces by the conflict of class with class in the struggle for equality. The spirit of the Nineteenth Century is walking abroad abusing the proud and succoring the rights of the humble. The spirit of the Nineteenth Century is dragging up into the sunlight of God's blessing these unseen classes, of whose existence the world has been so long ignorant. Well, we turn from the glad sight of European renovation, from the glad sight of Catholic vitality backward, and gaze on the Protestantism of the United States. We only ask will Protestantism be as good? will she do for one-sixth part of the people among us what Christianity is doing on the other side of the ocean for the lower classes? We only ask her to gaze on that national banner clinging to its flag-staff, heavy with blood, and clean it from its pollution. We only ask for this Christianity that presumes to know the consistent reformer of Judea, that it will be the vanguard of humanity; that it will be also the pioneer in everything good; that it will permit no aspiration of the human heart to outrun it; that it will permit no figure of the human imagination to paint so beautiful a picture that Christianity will not at least endeavor to realize it. Beautiful idea, says the clergyman, but impracticable; beautiful theory, but you cannot carry it into life. God never permitted us to frame a theory too beautiful for his power to make practicable. (Applause.) He never permitted us to fancy

anything more gorgeous than he could create into being; and I believe that in the noble influences which he has given us, and which we call religion, in that beautiful book which has come down to us and into which he breathed the breath of life, I believe there is something more transcendently beautiful than the most beautiful imagination ever dreamed, or the wildest fanaticism for liberty ever fancied. I believe, too, that religion, properly interpreted, means something so high that our noblest aspirations never reached it; whereas, American religion is something in which when we come to carry out the dreams of a fruitful and vital sympathy, we have to look back into the twilight of distance to see whether she will condescend to follow us into the dreamy regions, as she terms it, of merely human benevolence. Now this is not religion, and we do not believe in it; but we mean to indict the Church and the State till we make the religion we believe in possible; with Leggett, we believe there was nothing, however right, that could not be reduced to practice; and, God willing, we will reduce it to practice. (Applause.) We may die in the attempt, but we shall plant the seed in your minds, and what one man thinks, another shall say, and a third shall execute. Now distribute this truth by the way side, in your own conversation, in your preaching everywhere, spread it broadcast in faith. You may die without seeing the white harvest, but no matter for that, your children will reap it; your grand children, if not before, will witness the realization of these hopes of ours, and the fugitive slave, when he comes to Massachusetts, will not have to appeal to the humanity of New England; he will stand erect on the soil of the pilgrims, and proclaim his liberty by law. Until that is done, the Anti-Slavery work is never finished; until that is accomplished, until this hold of the tyrant is broken, until New York and Massachusetts are made to break away from their sister States, and sweep away into an orbit of their own, circling round the magnificent principle of American progress for their central sun, acknowledging no distinction of race, welcoming every man to their soil, proclaiming that when they cease to protect the rights of their citizens they cease to be a Government; till they can do that, there is no safety for the slave, there is no end to pro-slavery aggression, there is no end to Anti-Slavery war. Accomplish that, no matter what it costs. Fear not what goes down in the struggle; nothing of good will go down. If the church is divine, it will tower like the rock in spite of its pro-slavery character. (Applause.) If the State is divine, it will survive, whatever effort is made to prevail against it; if it is an organization of hell, then it never can survive the onset of right and truth. Nothing that God ever touched or baptized can yield to man's attack. Whenever you attack an institution which our fathers acted upon, if it is of God, it will live; but if it dies, it is not of God, and far better it is to be rid of it. Whether that be the American church or State, I shall fold my arms in confidence, knowing that whatever sincere convictions God has planted in my heart, whatever, with a good motive, he has allowed me to do, whatever truth he has given me to proclaim, it can do no harm to his universe; for, when He, in his infinite wisdom marked out the lines of truth and duty, He saw that the right should be always expedient, and that nothing good should ever suffer from the influence of the efforts of a good man. (Applause.)

From the Christian Citizen. Execution of Washington Goode.

ATTEMPTED SUICIDE.

The extreme penalty of the law was visited upon this unfortunate man in the jail yard at Boston on Friday evening last, the high sheriff of the county having overcome his conscientious scruples in relation to the part he was required to perform in the awful ceremony.

We learn from the Boston papers, that on the night previous to the execution, Goode attempted to take his own life by opening the veins of his arms. It seems that the prisoner had procured a piece of glass with which he made deep incisions in both arms, and when found was completely saturated in blood, and scarcely able to articulate a word in consequence of the exhaustion of the vital fluid. This was something which could by no means be tolerated; the right to kill Washington Goode was vested in the civil authorities; his life must be taken away by others, but it was highly criminal that he should take it himself; and so the physicians were called, and the hemorrhage was stopped. The proceedings of the morning of the execution we copy from the report in the Boston Herald.—Can any one read this blasphemous blending of religion and murder, of poisoning and neck-breaking, of praying to God and acting the demon, without a blush for the Christianity of the 19th century, which tolerates and sanctions such abominable deeds?

"At twenty minutes of nine o'clock the Rev. Mr. Taylor addressed the Throne of Grace in behalf of the prisoner. He prayed fervently that our Heavenly Father would look in mercy upon the man whose hours were numbered—that he would pardon him for his crime, committed against the laws of heaven and earth—that He would judge him as one who had sinned from the frailty of human nature, and as one who had repented sincerely for the sins which he had committed. He prayed that the

sheriff, whose duty compelled him to perform the sad office of his executioner, might be blessed, in that he obeyed the law and command of the Executive. He prayed that all the officers might be blessed in the execution of their duty. He closed his exhortation with a hope that this might be the last crime that should be committed in our beloved State.

After Father Taylor had concluded his prayer, the persons who were present sang Old Hundred, at the conclusion of which the persons invited by the sheriff to witness the execution, formed in the body of the building, and awaited the action of the Sheriff. At twenty-five minutes after nine o'clock, the procession proceeded to the gallows, Goode being carried by Constables Spoor and Stratton in a chair, being unable, in consequence of his exhaustion from loss of blood, to walk.

"When the procession arrived at the scaffold, the prisoner was seated in the chair under the gallows and the rope adjusted around his neck. Sheriff Eveleth then read the warrant from Governor Briggs, ordering him to execute the sentence of the Supreme Judicial Court upon Goode on the 25th of May, between the hours of eight and eleven. The Sheriff was very much affected, and his kind heart seemed to combat with his sense of duty as he read the letter.

"Having concluded the order, he turned to Goode and asked him if he wished him to say any thing, but the prisoner was too much exhausted to reply; two feeble moans only escaped him; his eyes were turned toward the skies, and fixed vacantly upon the void above. At fourteen minutes before ten o'clock, Deputy Sheriff Jabez Pratt cut the rope which sustained the platform, and the unhappy convict fell the length of the rope, which, tightening with his weight, choked him instantly. A slight snap was heard by those who were nearest to the platform, giving indication that his neck was broken. Two or three convulsive movements followed, and the body swayed to and fro with the impetus given it by the fall. At nine minutes of ten o'clock it was observed that the shoulders of the unhappy man were drawn up twice convulsively and then all was over.

At ten minutes after ten o'clock, a physician was requested to examine the body and see if life was extinct; this was done, and Goode was declared to be dead. The Sheriff then ordered him to be placed in a plain black coffin, and he was taken away by the attendants. Thus concluded the last act of this terrible drama."

COMMORCE.

[The following letter is from an aged Friend, whose desire is, while he remains here, to faithfully bear witness for the truth.—Eds.]

RESPECTED FRIEND JOSEPH EDGEMONT:
A pamphlet has, within a few moments, come into my hands, purporting to be an Epistle written by thee, and approved by a Meeting for Sufferings of the Ohio Yearly Meeting, and thence sent to Indiana Yearly Meeting for Sufferings for 1819,* and by that meeting adopted and reprinted.

Now, in a portion of that pamphlet which treats of slavery and intemperance, there are a few things that seem to me erroneous. I take the liberty to notice them. That part of the epistle under notice begins thus:—"And dear friends, as we have seen clearly that we must not run in our own time and will in the great day of worship, so neither can we in the support of the other testimonies which are dear to us—for in so doing we should be denying him the right of being Head over all things to his church."

I suppose we shall agree that a minister, when attending a meeting for public worship, as he cannot see into the hearts of his audience so as to know what they need, should wait to be divinely and immediately instructed by Him who knows the hearts of all men, and consequently knows what they need. But when I see the drunkard evidently intending to become intoxicated, is it my duty to wait for a special revelation to direct me to attempt to dissuade him from his purposes?—If I see my neighbor planning to return an escaping fugitive into slavery, how long ought I to wait to be properly qualified to tell him of the danger he is in, or to provide ways and means for his further escape?

I know thou hast said but little about waiting, but as thou hast advised us not to run in our own way, we must wait for the right will and time till we find it, or else not run at all.

The Epistle proceeds:—"Joining with those who do not believe in the immediate direction of Christ in such matters, and, therefore, do not wait for it, you will be very likely soon to become like them."

This forcibly reminds me of a saying of William Penn, viz: "Alas for Friends whose religion sets so loosely upon them as to be in danger of being rubbed off by coming in contact with the people of the world." Has any thing appeared that shows that any Friend has had any of his religion rubbed off by joining in the anti-slavery ranks? When I reflect with what horror Friends view the mixing of their members with abolitionists, and the entire quiet and perfect indifference with which they view their mixing at elections, where they assist in clothing men with power to make war when and with whom they please, and also to clothe a slaveholder

* We are not certain we have copied the year correctly, but presume it is right.—PARRIS.

with power to command armies, I confess that I fear that the spirit of slavery and the spirit of war have rubbed off their religion, or, at least, their Quakerism. It is true, as thou sayest, that "the present is a day of great excitement on the subject of slavery," and I rejoice in it. There was a great excitement which resulted in establishing the Christian religion; another at the introduction of Quakerism. Who complained of those excitements? The chief priests and pharisees were as much alarmed about the first, as thou art about the present one; and the Boston religionists would not rest until they had hanged four of the reformers, but I do not recollect that any of the professed reformers raised their voices against those excitements. But there are many of the professed reformers of this day beside thyself who are laboring to stifle the present one.

The Epistle again says:—"Our blessed and holy Head is calling on us to keep close to Him in a body, out of the excitement, the whirlwind, and the fire."

Why dost thou use the words "whirlwind and fire" in this connexion? They denote disorder and anger—canst thou charge such things to abolition societies? I have seen more of it in one Monthly Meeting of Friends than in all anti-slavery meetings I ever attended. And that disorder arose solely in consequence of two Hicksites peacefully attending there. But how extensive is this call thou speakest of as made by our holy Head? Is it to Friends alone, or is it to all to whom "the grace of God that bringeth salvation hath appeared"? I can hardly believe our "holy Head" is so partial as to call Friends only. But if He calls all to whom the said grace had appeared, art thou willing to mix with them? Wouldst thou like to mix with Baptists, Presbyterians, Shakers and Hicksites? &c., &c. The answer to this question appears in almost the next sentence, where it is said that if we join with those who do not believe as we do, it will fare with us as the prophet declared of Ephraim, "Ephraim, he hath mixed himself among the people; strangers have devoured his strength and he knoweth it not."

Now, although Friends may innocently mix with abolitionists and lose no strength, but have encouraged those with whom they mix to adopt those testimonies which many Friends have forsaken, yet I think they may and have mixed to great disadvantage, as in the case of elections. That they have lost strength by this mixing, is evident from their being unable to bear the cross of supporting their testimonies against slavery and war.—And that they are insensible of having lost their strength, appears by the soft answers they give to those queries touching the testimonies just named, and by their strict observance of certain rites and usages which were comfortable and useful in their better day, but very awkward when unaccompanied by those ancient testimonies of original Quakerism.

Speaking of slavery and intemperance, thou sayest:

"I rejoice that the Lord has prospered the work so far, and opened the hearts of the people so generally in the community to see the iniquity thereof."

Did this glorious prosperity occur, thinkest thou, without an excitement? No, verily. And this is the very excitement that so vexed thee—yes, this is the excitement which thou tellest us that the Lord has laid a necessity on thee to warn us to keep out of. I have often thought, when reading that part of thy epistle under notice, that if, instead of claiming Divine authority for writing it, thou hadst prefixed the following text, it would have been better, viz: "But to the rest speak I not the Lord."—1 Cor. vii-12. This glorious prosperity, at which I rejoice as well as thyself, never would, never could have taken place without an excitement, any more than thou couldst make the tour of the United States fast asleep.

The Epistle continues:—"With gratitude, humility, and fear be it spoken, the Lord hath made way for us, and given us a good degree of place in the hearts of those in legislative authority."

And who are those legislators? Are they not chiefly slaveholders and their abettors? Have not those who are abolitionists as good a degree of place there as Friends have, thinkest thou? If a wo is pronounced against those of whom all men speak well, will it not be as woful for those to be spoken well of by such as uphold the system of trading in "slaves and souls of men"? I should have been astonished at finding any Quaker so "grateful for a place in the hearts of such men," had not I found in the preceding lines at what a vast distance thou hadst placed thyself from abolitionists; for it seems that after learning this, no one need doubt that if thou wast to find them actually casting out devils, thou wouldst, as the other disciples did, forbid them "because they followed not with us." O Joseph! after reading thy tacit charge against anti-slavery people of producing "whirlwind and fire," nobody ought to marvel, let what would come next.

Had thy Epistle remained but the act of an individual, it might have passed unnoticed; but when I see it sanctioned by a Yearly Meeting of Orthodox Friends, I confess I fear that genuine Quakerism is becoming but a matter of history.

JAMES EASTMAN.

Fayette Co., O., 5th mo. 21, 1819.

Ravenna, Monday Evening,
June 4th, 1819.

Friends Editors:

Allow me to say a few words respecting an Anti-Slavery meeting held in Randolph on Sunday last, June 3d. There was a very fair attendance, and the best possible feeling prevailed. I have seldom attended a meeting where better spirit was exhibited,—all seemed to be of one mind. Notwithstanding the meeting was "free," there were a few who were obliged to do the talking; but the work, all were satisfied. Among the few who did speak, I am pained to say, there were no ladies. "Although a goodly portion of the audience were ladies, not one of them was 'moved' to speak. Why was this? Why will not Anti-Slavery women talk in our meetings? Why will not woman exercise her privilege—her right? I heartily wish there were more Lucretias and Abbeys! If there were, we should see quite a different state of things.

But I digress. Marius Robinson, of Marlboro', was present, and entertained the meeting in his peculiarly happy style, with some very pertinent and truthful remarks. Mr. R. is one of the pioneers in the cause of humanity, and has long labored in the Anti-Slavery vineyard. For his adherence to the cause of the slave, he was favored with a coat of tar and feathers in the town of Berlin, Mahoning Co., some twelve or fourteen years ago. Mr. Robinson was followed by friends Stedman, Case and Smally, who always speak well, and to the point. They showed the inconsistency and wrong of supporting the present pro-slavery churches of this land in a manner which could not be misunderstood. It would be foolish in me to attempt to give a synopsis of the remarks which were made;—all were well-timed, and calculated, in an admirable manner, to further the cause which we have so near at heart. The meeting closed in the same good spirit that it convened—each feeling that an efficient blow had been struck for the liberation of the slave.

Yours, as ever,

SPECTATOR.

Anti-Slavery Bugle.

SALEM, JUNE 8, 1819

"I LOVE AGITATION WHEN THERE IS CAUSE FOR IT.—THE ALARM BELL WHICH STARTLES THE INHABITANTS OF A CITY, SAVES THEM FROM BEING BURNED IN THEIR BEDS. Edmund Burke."

Persons having business connected with the paper, will please call on James Barnaby, corner of Main and Chesnut sts.

ANNUAL MEETING OF THE Western Anti-Slavery Society.

The Seventh Annual Meeting of the Western Anti-Slavery Society will be held at the Grove Meeting House or vicinity, two miles North-West of New Garden, and eight miles South-West of Salem, on Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday, the 19th, 20th, and 21st of June, commencing at 10 o'clock, A. M.

The Annual Meeting of the Western Anti-Slavery Society should be emphatically a gathering of the Abolitionists of the West. The doctrine of "No Union with Slaveholders,"—the motto which the Society has inscribed upon its banner—is every year more and more commanding itself to the reflecting minds and true hearts of the Northern opponents of Slavery. Every movement upon the part of the government, every struggle which the Northern people make to free themselves from the power of slavery, but shows the hopelessness of all efforts to win the freedom of the slave or to regain their own rights so long as they own allegiance to the United States Constitution.

Let then all whose eyes have been anointed to see the sinfulness of sustaining this pro-slavery government, assemble at New Garden, and reiterate their testimony against that "covenant with death and agreement with hell,"—let them rally to the support of that movement whose existence is necessary to preserve in its purity the anti-slavery faith. This is no time for lukewarmness or indifference. Every human soul that hates slavery should now, if ever, speak out.—The conflict is waxing hotter and hotter, and high above the sounds of the battle should be heard the noblest rallying cry of the hosts of freedom—"NO UNION WITH SLAVEHOLDERS."

It is expected that HENRY C. WRIGHT, of Philadelphia, and OLIVER JOHNSON, of Massachusetts, will be present on the occasion; and it is hoped that other Eastern friends will be there, to participate in the proceedings. But whether or not we have aid and counsel from abroad, let each come prepared to do his duty, and no anniversary ever held in the West, will exceed this in interest.

BETSEY M. COWLES,

Recording Secretary.

Executive Committee.

The Committee will meet on Monday evening, June 18th, at 7½ o'clock. It is hoped there will be a full attendance, and that the members residing at a distance will so make their arrangements for going to the Annual Meeting that they can be present on that evening.

Why are not the people with us?

Why are not all Dissensionists? Why are human shambles erected on what is termed the free soil of America, and yet no voice of popular indignation is raised against them? If liberty be so dear to the human heart as the gifted Henry declared it—if death be preferable to oppression—if our freedom may not be infringed with impunity, why do we not protest against the violation of the dearest rights of man in the person of three million of American Citizens who are clanking their chains to-day in hopeless bondage. If the security of personal liberty be worth an effort—if the enjoyment of domestic relations is a thing to be desired—if man be entitled to the avails of his industry and should be protected in their possession, then should every human soul struggle to secure them to all. If free institutions—a republican government—freedom of speech, of the press, and of the pulpit be the American Idea of a true social system, why do not the people arise and repel the encroachments which are made upon this idea? Why do they not make open war upon slavery—that insidious enemy that has baffled every attempt to establish in this land the freedom and equality of the race? Why do not the politicians, the priests, the press, the people seek to erase from our nation's history the mortifying fact that liberty exists here only in name?

Slavery is a national sin, and the curse which clings to the system—has poisoned the life's blood of the nation. It has its supporters at the South and at the North—its victims are here, and there, and everywhere. The very persons who drag the Car of this Juggeraut, are themselves crushed beneath its wheels. They who do most to sustain it, not unfrequently are the first to experience its blighting, withering influence; and they who oppose it are not able to escape its damning effects. Aside from the immediate visitation of this system with all its untold wrongs upon those who drag the chain of the bondman, the people have suffered perhaps more than in any other way by its effects upon the moral sense of community.—It has dimmed their perception of what is right and what is wrong—darkened their vision so that they have mistaken error for truth, and truth for error. From the pulpit they have learned that God regards with approbation the relation of master and slave; and from the same source they have learned that they who oppose this relation are worthy the burning anathemas of the church.—So corrupting have been the effects of slavery upon the religious sentiment of the nation, that crime receives its strongest sanction from the teachers of religion, and the people look upon deeds dark as midnight with approval. Outrages that need not be enumerated, which involve the violation of natural, social, civil, religious, and domestic rights are daily inflicted upon the slave population; so dead is the public conscience, so hard is the national heart, so low-toned is the religious sentiment of the country, so obtuse is the moral vision of the people that the perpetrators are left unmolested to exercise their despotic power as they will. A few are found to protest against it—a mere handful of abolitionists who are despised for their ultra notions of equality, and ridiculed for their fanaticism. We comprise but a small band and we stand upon eternal truth. God is with us, Christianity is with us, Humanity is with us, Liberty is with us; and Why are not the people with us?

Why do not the religious professors of the land—those who live within the influence of the thirty thousand American pulpits take part in the Anti-slavery movement? Because, the good deeds of the Abolitionists are a reproach to the church! Because to admit the christian character and moral beauty of the anti-slavery enterprise, is to declare their religion to be of the Devil! Anti-Slavery says, "Break every yoke!" the Church says "Slavery is sanctioned by Jehovah, we have his express permission for the continuance of the yoke." Anti-Slavery says to the degraded slave and to the oppressed free man of color, "Arise and stand upon the platform of equality, enjoy the same rights and privileges that others enjoy, and form with them one common brotherhood;" the Church says, "I will strengthen the arm of the tyrant, that the day of your oppression be prolonged. God made you to be hewers of wood and drawers of water. The rights and privileges others possess you shall never enjoy—an impassable barrier has been set up between you and them!"

The reason then, that religious professors are not with us, is because ours is emphatically a christian movement, opposing everything that sustains or gives countenance to the system of slavery, while their religion tramples humanity into the dust, dishonors the name of Jesus, sets at naught the commands of Jehovah, and sell's God's children upon an auction block. If those who profess to be christians were really so, they would be with us—they would join in every enterprise calculated to benefit the human race. Anything designed to alleviate the sorrows of one human heart, will receive the support of those who feel as Jesus felt.

Why are not the Whigs and Democrats with us? Their professions of love of freedom and equality are as comprehensive as are those of abolitionists. Both Whigs and Democrats base their theory of government

Poetry.

For the Anti-Slavery Bugle.

THE CONTRAST.

The petty thief who steals a purse,
Or works a deprecation
Upon a wealthy neighbor's store
To save him from starvation;
Is taken by the arm of law
And to the jailor handed,
The curse of Cain, in words of flame
Upon his name is branded.

But he who steals my partner dear,
And sells my babes in slavery,
Is gloried for his wicked deeds,
And lauded for his knavery.
He robs me of my darling self,
He takes away my earnings,
And brands his name upon my cheeks
With red hot iron burning.

He separates the loving hearts
Whom God hath joined together,
He breaks the golden chain of love
And ruin spreads forever,
He turns the weeping wife away
He mocks her desperation,
And with his poisoned lips he sings
The God of his Salvation.

His is the legal trade in blood
And his the law's protection,
And his the Christ's brotherhood
In pious church connection,
And his the seat in congress hall
To govern legislation
And hear the swelling words of fame,
Of Freedom's loving nation.

ELLEN.

Wadsworth, Ohio, May 13.

The lines below will be a balm to many a bruised and stricken heart. They breathe a spirit of trust and peace, in a melody so soft, that we might almost imagine it the dying tones of a Spirit's song.

RESIGNATION.

BY HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

There is no flock, however watched and tended,
But one dead lamb is there;
There is no freestone, however defended,
But one vacant chair!

The air is full of farewells to the dying,
And mournings for the dead;
The heart of Rachel for her children crying,
Will not be comforted!

Let us be patient! these severe afflictions
Not from the ground arise,
But oftentimes celestial benedictions
Assume this dark disguise.

We see but dimly through the mists and vapors;
Amid these earthly damps
What seem to us but dim, funeral tapers,
May be Heaven's distant lamps.

There is no Death! what seems so is transition;
This life of mortal breath
Is but a suburb of the life Elysian,
Whose portals we call Death.

She is not dead—the child of our affection—
But gone unto that school
Where she no longer needs our poor protection,
And Christ himself doth rule.

In that great Cloister's stillness and seclusion,
By guardian angels led,
Safe from temptation, safe from sin's pollution,
She lives, whom we call dead.

Day after day we think what she is doing
In those bright realms of air;
Year after year her tender steps pursuing,
Behold her grown more fair.

Thus do we walk with her, and keep unbroken
The bond which Nature gives,
Thinking that our remembrance, though unspoken,
May reach her where she lives.

Not as a child shall we again behold her;
For when, with raptures wild,
In our embraces we again enfold her,
She will not be a child.

But a fair maiden in her Father's mansion,
Clothed with celestial grace;
And beautiful with all the soul's expansion
Shall we behold her face.

And though at times, impetuous with emotion
And language long suppressed,
The swelling heart beats moaning like the ocean,
That cannot be at rest;

We will be patient, and assuage the feeling
We cannot wholly stay;
By silence sanctifying, not concealing
The grief that must have way.

Salem's Magazine.

A Dancer.

He meant well enough, and was still in the way.
As a dance always is, let him be where he may;
Indeed they appear to come into existence
To impede other folks with their awkward assistance.

If you set up a dance on the very North pole,
All alone with himself, I believe, on my soul,
He'd manage to get betwixt somebody's shins,
And pitch him down bodily, all in his sin.
To the grave polar bears sitting round on the ice,
All shortening their grace, to be in for a slice;
Or, if he found nobody else there to bother,
Why, one of his legs would trip up the other.
For there's nothing we read of in torture's inventions,
Like a well-meaning dancer, with the best of intentions.
J. R. LOWELL.

PRACTICAL.—We once heard of a preacher who was called upon by some of his congregation to pray for rain, of which the crops stood very greatly in need. His reply was, that he would pray if his congregation desired it, but he was very sure it would not rain until the wind shifted.

TRUTH.—A contemporary justly observes: "Almost the very worst thing that can be said of a man is, that he has no enemies. Let any one undertake to speak the truth but for a single day, and his enemies will multiply like the drops of the morning. In concealment lies the safety of the timid man."

Miscellaneous.

THE MUG OF CIDER.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

"Why don't you go along, girl?" said Farmer Williams, speaking in a tone of impatience that was unusual to him. His words were addressed to his little daughter Mary, only about eight years old, who stood near him with a pint mug in her hand.

The child look frightened and quickly left the room.
"It's strange how that girl acts," said Farmer Williams to his wife, "whenever I ask her to bring me a mug of cider. If I want my hat, or a drink of water, or anything else, away she bounds to get it for me, as light as a playful kitten. But, for three or four days past, I've had to speak twice or three times, when I've asked for my mug of cider."

"It is a little queer," remarked Mrs. Williams, leaving her knitting-work rest for a moment or two in her lap, and looking thoughtful. "Perhaps"—
"Perhaps what?" inquired Farmer Williams, seeing that his wife paused.

"Nothing," said Mrs. Williams, as she resumed her knitting.
Mary came in just then with the mug of cider, to the enjoyment of which the farmer applied himself, and in the pleasure he experienced, forgot for the time the strange hesitation evinced by the little daughter.

Half an hour afterward, as Mary sat in the porch playing with her doll, her father called out, "Come here, Molly, I want you."

Mary ran in quickly.
"Here, draw me some cider," said he, reaching out the mug.

The child's countenance, which was animated when she came into the room, instantly changed, her step lingered, and she evinced a strange reluctance to do her father's bidding.

Mr. Williams held out the mug and looked steadily and rather sternly at the child, for her conduct fretted him, saying, as he did so, "Why don't you move quick?"

There was something sad in Mary's face as she took the mug and slowly went off to the cellar.

"I don't know what to make of the girl," muttered the father.

Mary said longer than he thought necessary, but at length appeared with the mug only two thirds full.

"Why didn't you fill it?" asked Farmer Williams, with some impatience in his voice.

"I thought that was enough," said Mary, innocently.

"Enough!" exclaimed the father, impatiently. "What right had you to think anything about it, I should like to know? The next time I send you for a mug of cider, remember to draw it full."

Mary went slowly back into the porch, and commenced playing with her doll again. After finishing his second mug of cider, and smoking his pipe, the farmer felt a good deal inclined to try a third mug and a third pipe. But he felt too heavy and dull to go into the cellar himself, and he did not wish to trouble Mary again, as she seemed so averse to serving him in this little matter. So, with only two mugs of cider, added to one he had taken with his dinner, Farmer Williams composed himself for his regular afternoon's nap. His flushed face and hard breathing, told pretty plainly, that in both eating and drinking the farmer had indulged rather freely.

The nap occupied a couple of hours, and it took half an hour after sleep had departed for the farmer to get his eyes fairly open and to throw off his sluggish feelings. He always wondered why he felt so heavy after dinner; but it never occurred to him that the two or three mugs of cider that were poured down to dilute his food, might be the real cause.

Farmer Williams was industrious, prudent, and, in the judgment of his neighbors, a very temperate man. Of course he was thrifty. His lands, well tilled, yielded annually a rich harvest, and he was becoming every year better and better off in the world. But there was danger of all this prosperity being checked in its growth. The farmer had a large orchard of fine apples, and he had made a good deal of excellent cider, a few barrels of the best of which he always kept for his own use. There was always a large pitcher of this beverage on the dinner-table, and the farmer used it freely with his food. He drank a mug of cider at 11 o'clock; also with his pipe after dinner; and before going to bed at night. Regularly, every day, from half a gallon to three quarts of cider found its way into the stomach of the farmer. It was no wonder, therefore, that those who saw the effects of all this upon the farmer, began to prophesy that he would go to the dogs, as they said.

Now I don't mean to say that Farmer Williams ever got tipsy, as it is called; that is, ever drank so freely as to stagger about, and attract the attention of his neighbors. But no man can drink as much cider every day as he did, without its reddening his face or bloating him up, or in some other way showing its injurious effects upon his health. His neighbors knew that he had good cider, and that he drank of it freely; and when they saw its effect upon him, they knew that he was drinking more freely than was good for him. So they talked among themselves about him, and some made

bold to say, that he would become a sot in a few years, if he didn't take care. Nobody ventured to tell him this; and I don't know that it would have done any good to them. Men like him, rarely think themselves in danger, and are very apt to be offended if any one hints at the truth.

Farmer Williams had a neighbor named Gambriel, who was a poor degraded sot. He had once been in good circumstances; but drink had ruined him, and brought his family to want. No one respected Gambriel. Thoughtless and cruel boys hooted at or threw mud upon him, as he went staggering along the road; and men, when they spoke to him, did so rudely. He was a by-word, and an object of contempt or pity throughout the whole neighborhood.

A few days after Mr. Williams had remarked upon the strange reluctance shown by Mary when asked to draw a mug of cider, Gambriel went staggering past, just as the family were leaving the dinner-table.

"Oh dear!" said Mrs. Williams, as she looked from the window, "there goes that miserable creature. What an object to go home to his family. I don't wonder that poor Mrs. Gambriel is heart-broken." And she sighed as she turned away.

"He's a worthless, drunken fellow," said the farmer. "No good to himself or any body else. If I had my way with such men, I would send them all to the workhouse."

"What a hopeless life she must lead," remarked Mrs. Williams, alluding to the wife of Gambriel.

"Yes; hopeless enough, no doubt," said the farmer.

"And, to all the suffering and toil she has to bear, to have this disgrace laid upon herself and children. It seems as if it would kill her!"

While Mrs. Williams was speaking, little Mary came and stood in front of her, and looked earnestly in her face.

"Little Maggy cries so, sometimes," said the child.

"Does she?" said Mrs. Williams, laying her hand on Mary's head. "What makes her cry?"

"She cries when her father comes home staggering, as he went along just now. Oh! I know she will cry when she sees him."

"Poor Maggy! Aint you sorry for her?"

"Oh, yes!" And Mary laid her face, with a sober air, down in her mother's lap.

While Mary stood thus, her father called her and said, "Come, Molly! I want you to get me a mug of cider." He had already lighted his pipe.

Mary lifted her face, and turning, went slowly toward her father, evincing the same reluctance to execute his wishes that she had before shown. As she reached out her hand to take the mug, her father saw that tears were in her blue eyes.

"What's the matter dear?" said he, kindly, putting an arm around his child, and drawing her to his side. As he did so, she laid her face down upon his knee and sobbed.

"Why, Mary, child, what ails you?" inquired the father, feeling surprised.

"You needn't draw the cider, if you don't want to; I can go and get it myself."

Mary sobbed a little while, and then her feelings became quiet.

"Never mind, dear," said her father, making a motion to rise. "I will go into the cellar and get the cider."

As the father said this, Mary suddenly and eagerly caught hold of his hand, and drawing him down hard, said, "Oh, no, no! Don't go and get it, father."

Farmer Williams was confounded by so unexpected an appeal from little Mary. He could not understand her. "Not get it, child!" said he. "Why, what do you mean?"

"Oh, no! Don't drink any more of it," returned the child, earnestly. "Mr. Chester says you are nothing but a cider-barrel now, and will be as bad as Mr. Gambriel before five years."

"Who said that?" asked the farmer in amazement.

"Mr. Chester," replied the child, innocently. "I heard him say so one day when I was over there. He didn't know that I was just outside of the window."

"Mr. Chester said so!" ejaculated the astonished farmer.

"Oh, yes," added the child; "and Mrs. Chester says she pities mother and me. I stole away and ran home as fast as I could; and then I cried so. But you are not a cider-barrel, and won't be like Mr. Gambriel!"

"No, dear, I will not," said Mr. Williams, recovering himself, and taking his dear little girl in his arms. "There goes the mug out of the window!"—and he threw it out as he spoke—"so you will never have to draw any more cider for me."

"And you won't drink any more of it?" inquired the little girl.

"No not another drop!" replied the father, in the enthusiasm of the moment.

"Oh, I am so glad!" exclaimed Mary, throwing her arms around her father's neck.

TOBACCO.

Tobacco is the filth of filths. In Kentucky and Virginia there is a great green worm, called the tobacco worm, and it feeds on the young leaves of this plant. This is believed to be the only thing that has life which eats tobacco, except one. That other thing is also a living creature and is said to be a reasonable creature. His reason informs him that his stomach is capable of sustaining life under almost any abuse. That nature has endowed that organ with a surprising power of resistance and that we can without immediate danger put almost any thing into it. There are certain outrages of this kind, which she (nature) will not tolerate, such as arsenic, rat-bane and verdeggris. But by this reason it is settled that he may pour down vinegar and alcohol, acids, ether, oils, pepper, mustard, hot-water, and even tobacco, and although the stomach revolts the man lives. The brute creation sometimes take poison too, but this happens through mistake or starvation. The rational creature takes it not by mistake, but by design, and his study is not to avoid it, but know how far he may indulge and keep his animal life.

Some call the Virginia weed pungent, aromatic perfume. Take for instance an old clay pipe with a stem two inches long. This is pungent is it. Take a stump of a cigar smoked up to the lips, this is aromatic. Inhale a little of the breath of a tobacco smoker, here you have the perfume. Your old and hardened smoker how he delights to get to the windward of you with his two cent cigar. How he labors at the vile roll of tobacco with the suction power of his lungs, to get a good mouthful of the smoke. How leisurely he blows forth in a conical stream into your face. Is it offensive to him? by no means. It is odorous, it is incense. So is the mire to the wallowing sow, aroma to her nostrils. Your smoker enters a stage coach, hopes it is not offensive, and pulls away. Should he not bring a pot of asafetida as counteracting agent? We are told that in Spain the garlic is received as a delicacy; wonder if a confirmed smoker would consent to have garlics put under his nose in a stage coach.

Your chewer is more decent. Sometimes he spits on your dress; but that is inevitable;—he spits with care, but cannot control the precious liquid. His mouth, his breath, and his clothing, are all bedaubed with the golden juice. He is an object of disgust to his wife, (his sweetheart is not allowed to see it) and of alarm to all decent dressed company. But his influence is comparatively limited. The weed has the power to penetrate every thing it touches. Breathe a few puffs into the head of a lousy child, and the unwelcome inhabitants are speedily departing for the other world. Put a leaf of tobacco on the breast, and the subject shortly heaves and retches as intensely as if it had been taken into the stomach. It is death or nausea to everything but the chewer, smoker, and the tobacco worm.

"Oh," said a sweet bride the other day to a half civilized husband, "do leave off smoking; I had much rather you would chew." She was right. The chewing is certainly a mitigation in favor of the public. It is not an abatement of a nuisance, but an amelioration. The circle of consuming stench is diminished. The chewer does not force others to breathe over his smoke. Unless he spits directly into your face and eyes, you are not likely to consume any of his darling beverage. His mouth may take the appearance of tanned leather; but this is a distant object, effecting the taste and not the senses. He may by storing a large cud of tobacco leaves in his cheek, form a protuberance at one corner of his mouth, like a chip squirrel conveys chestnuts (only the squirrel stows symetry by using both sides); but that is a family affair, with which the public have nothing to do. His bunch of chewed leaves is inside, out of sight in the main, at all events offensive only occasionally.

Now to the pipe and the cigar. The pipe stem has made a hollow in the under lip, and a corresponding projection in the upper. The cigar has the same effect, only the pipe generally takes the left corner and the cigar the right. One drags down its corner, and the other elevates its corner, which it surrounds with a beautiful pucker.

Thus between them, the mouth originally horizontal, takes an oblique position, adding greatly to the symetry of the face. Nature being a poor judge of what is handsome and convenient, did not fix the lips with a place for a pipe stem and a cigar, in truth the continent whereon she placed the first man was so miserably provided, that it had no tobacco until the time of Queen Elizabeth.

Suppose a man with a lighted cigar had walked into Paradise, his face carrying fire and smoke, would not our first parents have taken him for a demon?—would he have been suffered to remain there to mar the pleasure of that delightful garden? How many sweet scented shrubs would it been necessary for Adam to plant and tend, in order that the air should retain its balmy freshness.

In short, it would have penetrated and contaminated every nook and corner of that summer retreat. We wonder why it is not more restored to by the way of comparison. For instance, if you wish to represent a most villainous smell, is there any thing more strong or more repulsive. If you wish to state a bold case of nausea and disgust, say it was as bad as tobacco juice. Mix all the ingredients of an apothecary's shop in one dish,

pickery and aloes, rhubarb and jalop, fish oil and asafoetida, I had rather swallow a dose than the same quantity of Virginia weed.

Your liquor man has an argument in favor of drink. It is pleasant, it exhilarates, it raises him into the first heaven for at least a little while before it plunges him into the seventh hell. But the weed it begins, continues and ends in stupefaction. It is neither excitement, drink or food. But I am getting long and prosy.

The Home Department.

We ask particular attention to the following extract, taken from an article written by Professor Mapes. It originally appeared in the "Working Farmer," of which he is the editor and proprietor:

"We have schools for the Army and for the Navy. We send commissioners abroad, continually, to collate the tactics and improvements of other nations; and every collateral branch of science connected with military engineering, is fostered by government patronage. Eminent foreigners have often been placed in high office that we might profit by their acquirements as connected with these various sub-departments. The pupils at our military schools are taught many branches of even a simply ornamental character, to fit them more completely to fill the character of gentlemen, as well as that of soldiers, and so it should be.—Farmers do not complain at this, although they pay four-fifths of the expense. But when has a commission existed under government for collecting information either at home or abroad, for the use of the agriculturist? What organization has ever been made to diffuse information on this all-important subject? In what bureau at Washington do we find an account of the organization of the Agricultural Colleges of Europe? What proportion of the public purse (four-fifths of which is furnished by farmers) has been expended for their benefit?"

What part of the four or five millions of dollars that has been paid for fostering inventions in the form of premiums and experiments, at the expense of government, has been applied to inducing improvements in the construction of agricultural implements, or improved modes of culture? Where are our agricultural colleges? What other civilized country is without them?

Why is not a portion of the public domain given to the States for the purpose of establishing and endowing Agricultural Schools and Colleges? Why have not our foreign ministers, consuls, &c., been instructed to collect the seeds and plants of other countries, for distribution through Members of Congress to their constituents?

Why is it that within twenty miles of New York, hundreds of farmers have never seen a globe artichoke, or cauliflower, while the markets of Europe and even those of our own country contain them? Why should not these wholesome luxuries be disseminated throughout the land?

How long has the iron ploughshare been introduced into our country, and how long since its general adoption?—Has its use not increased the amount of agricultural product of our country fifty per cent? and as the value of agricultural products was \$5,400,000,000 value in 1848, have we not been the gainers of a larger amount by its use, than by any other invention of modern times, not even excepting the improvements in cotton machinery? Does not England, at this time, by the use of subsoil ploughs, and other agricultural improvements, get an average of more than double the amount of product from a similar area of land? And why is this state of things suffered to exist?

Would not a properly organized Home Department be able to suggest to Congress methods for remedying these evils?

What would be the probable effect, if the mechanical ingenuity of the country could be engaged in improving farmers' implements? Suppose that each year, for the last ten years, a premium of ten thousand dollars had been offered for the best improvement in the plough; can any one doubt that a machine would have been invented that would have increased the amount of products one per cent? And if so, would not this have added to our permanent wealth fifty-four millions of dollars per annum? Would not such an increase of production lead to an increase of mercantile activity, and thus to national wealth? Apart from monetary considerations, we live under a government of written law; and we call upon our citizens to obey that law. We know, that with the exception of such States and Districts as have improved modes of agriculture, the plodding farmer cannot afford to educate his children;—and that until he is enabled to advantage by the improved processes of more fortunate localities, he cannot do so. The few States where education is easily obtained, must not forget that a number nearly or quite equal to one-quarter of our whole population cannot read the very law which they are called upon to obey.

To remedy this evil is part of the legitimate duty of a Home Department. "A prosperous agricultural district is never without patriots to defend it." Let our whole country be in this position, and a small but experienced standing army would supply us with officers in cases of emergency; while an educated agricultural community would find apt recruits, who would be good soldiers, if so officered, in one month.

We learn from the ploughing matches

of the American and other Institutes, that differences in the shape of the ploughshare alone will make a saving in the amount of power necessary to move them of thirty-three and a third per cent. Let a Home Department but make the best form known in a manner to be believed by our farmers, and they can plough one-third deeper with about the same amount of power. Does any well-informed agriculturist at this day doubt that such an average increase in the depth of ploughing would give an increase of wealth in five years of more than all the legislative wisdom of our Representatives in Congress could give us by other means in ten years?

Let our political economists ask themselves the question, why France, with all the faults of an unstable government, and without the advantages arising from profitable colonies, has been enabled to war with half Europe and still be less in debt than most other nations? It is because she holds the whole world under contribution for the products of her industry; while the fostering aid of her various Home Departments of government, enables France not only to supply her home consumption with agricultural products, but you can find even her perishable products of the field, in any market of the world, that can be reached during the time required for its decay. France has agricultural colleges of every grade,—we find the peers of the realm acting as professors in those colleges; and one of them requires of those entering as students, that they should have previously passed through some other college, that their knowledge of the adjunct sciences might be such as to fit them for the higher study of agriculture. If such a system be found profitable and proper where but few are land owners, how much more requisite it is in a country where every laborer may till his own acres.

The nurse of the Emperor of Russia has been appointed a general.—Exchange.
The making of a general out of a nurse, is not much worse than the practice of purchasing commissions for mere children in England. A nobleman hearing a noise in the nursery, inquired of the servant what was the matter. The reply was, "the major is crying for more milk porridge."

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